## BY FLYER TO JERUSALEM.

AN AMERICAN ENGINEER BEATS HIS RECORD IN RAILROADING.

An Extremely Limited Express Through Palestine-Railrond Management in the Par East and in the Par West,

Copyright, 1888, by S. S. McClure, Limited. JERUSALEM, April 18,-Jaffa was the home of Simon, the Tanner, whose house still stands and is now for rent. It was the shipping station of Jonas, the port where Solomon landed the cedars of Lebanon with which he built his extravagant palace; and out of the wreck-strewn reef that frowns in front of the Custom House rises the rock of Andromeda. It was here the poor lady was chained, yet it was not the sea onster she feared, but a change in the wind. If the wind had blown from shore and brought to her the faintest whiff of Jaffa she could not have lived to tell her tale.

When you land here, which you can accom-

plish only when the sea is calm, you find your self in a narrow, mean, muddy street, filled with freighted camels and burros, through which you are marched for a quarter of a mile before you come to a road wide enough to hold a carplace: then you look across the street, see Howard's hotel, dismiss the carriage, for which you have paid a tourist agency fifty cents or a dol-

lar, and walk to your stopping place. We landed at 10:30, and by 10:45 we had become tired of the sights and scent of the city. Securing a guide, I waited upon the chief of the Jaffa and Jerusalem Railway.

It was Saturday. The manager-whom I could not see said he was very busy, but if I would come in to-morrow he would be glad to give me any information I desired. I went straight to the station, caught the 12:15 express, and entered the only first-class carriage in the train, with a ticket for Jerusalem. The road is a Shree-foot gauge, the cars are narrow, and only half of one little pine coach is set apart for first-class passengers. This space is cut by a partition, making two boxes, six by seven feet,

The train is made up of all kinds of cars. The grass is green between the ties; and the scale that is crumbling from the sandstone cornice of the station is allowed to remain where it falls to be crushed under the feet of the voyagers. The management is French, with a strong Turkish flavor. The pompous, almost military-looking manager, and the brightly uniformed "Chef de Gare," or station master, seem strangely out of place, when you glance at the wretchedness that surrounds them. Here is a queer mixture of the frivolity of France with the filth of the Orient. From the time you get the first glimpse of the Jaffa "gare" till you reach Jerusalem, the whole show has about it an air of neglect, like a widow's farm. They appear to know as much railroading as the average Arab knows about the Young Men's Christian Association. The time was up and we were fifteen minutes overdue to leave, when I asked Howard, the

hotel man, what the matter was.
"Waiting for Le Directeur de la Compagnie," said he, with a smile, for he knew how absurd it was to hold the only daily train the road runs for the general manager.

Another quarter of an hour went by, and still

THE EXPRESS IN MOTION.

Suddenly there was a bustling among the station hands, the bell jingled, the whistle-the deep-voiced, North American Baldwin whistlesounded, and we moved away. At the last moment I saw the handsome station master hurry a well-dressed gentleman to our car, put him in, and then swing gracefully into the second-class carriage immediately behind ours. A couple of officers of an English war ship which

couple of officers of an English war ship which was anchored off Jaffa occupied one of the first-class compartments, and now the newcomer came in where I was.

The train started slowly, and seemed to be running over a track made of short pieces of rails; but I soon found that the one wheel at my corner had three flat spots on it, and that the two rear wheels had but one. This gave the car an uncertain sort of movement, two short hose and a long one. I looked at my companion and tried to look pleased. He frowned. I raised the window and tried to see what made the car caper about so, and my travelling companion burnts a cigarette.

"Little rough," I said as a feeler; and my friend blew such a fog into my face that I was obliged to take to the window again.

"Window too cool for you?" I saked, venturing another fiyer at the Frenchman, and he scowied.

Growing accustomed to the pounding and

"Window too cool for you?" lasked, venturing another fiver at the Frenchman, and he scowled.

Growing accustomed to the pounding and bucking of the carriage, I began to look at the strange scenes along the line. On one side there was an orange orchard, whose trees were laden with golden fruit. On the other was an olive orchard, and here and there tail date paims hung their banners to the breeze. In a field near by a native was ploughing with two little thinlegged blond cows, followed by another team which was a strange combination—a burro and a buil—and just behind that a tail camel came swimming slowly through the air, drawing a wooden plough which had but one handle. This is a beautiful valler, called the Plain of Sharon, and if it was farmed as France and England are farmed, it would be a veritable garden.

Forty-five minutes out we stopped at Lydda, twelve and a half miles from Jaffa. Here my friend got out, walked up toward the engine, scowled, and returned to the car. The red-faced station master from Jaffa came from his carriage just as the station master of Lydda came out of the station. Their eyes met, they stopped, clasped their hands, and you could see in a minute that they belonged to the same lodge. The Lyddan tilted his head slightly as a hen does when she sees a hawk high above; then they unplaited their fingers, and rushed into each other's arms. When they had embraced, the "Chef" from Jaffa held the Lyddan off at arm's length and looked calmy into his eyes, as if to say: "Hast thou been faithful to they trust? Lie not, for behold the breath of the high Chef-des-Gares is upon you and will wither you if you speak not the truth."

The Lyddan nolded his head three times, very slowly, and the "Chef" kissed him on the right and then on the left cheek. Another deep blast from the Philladelphia whistle, and my carriage began to scamper away like a wounded hare in the stubble. Another quarter of an hour brought us to Ramleh—old Arimathes—one hour from Jaffa, and this Syrian cyclone, this Jerusalem jerk-

hour from Jaffa, and this Syrian cyclone, this Jerusalem jerk-water, has covered nearly eighteen miles.

I dropped off as the train was coming in, and made a picture of the pretty little station. Ramleh is an old town, in fact everything is old here. The railway, which was opened only two years ago, is old, and only a few people came to see the train go by. It has always been a place of importance, for here the old caravan road from Damascus to Egypt crosses the trail trod by the crusaders from Jaffa to Jerusalem.

At Lydda I fancied I smelt a hot box; then I laughed at the idea—a hot box at eighteen miles an hour—it was only the odor of the Orient, I reasoned, and forgot. But now, as the train stopped at Ramleh, two clouds of beautiful blue smoke came up from a coal car near the locomotive, and floated away across the rolling plain. The doctor of the battle ship and his friend, the Lieutenant, were contemplating one of these boxes when I came up and offered to bet a B. and S. that my side would blaze first.

"Taken!" said the game doctor, and while we were amusing ourselves thus, my French friend came forward, saw the hot box, and made a bee line for the station.

The next moment he was out again with the conductor. You could see that the box was not the only thing hot on the J. and J. The distinguished traveller was beating his handa together, pushing his nose sideways with his front finger, and telling the conductor things that would burn the paper if we printed them. When he stopped to breathe, the station master of Ramleh, who had aiready been hugged and kissed by the station master from Jaffa, pulled the bell, and the train started. My travelling companion then turned on the poor station master for having started the train while he was busy roasting the conductor. He raised both hands above his head and rolled off as succotash of French and Arabic for a whole minute, and when he turned, the rear end of the train was just disappearing over a little hill beyond the switch, and the general manager—le birecte

WITHIN SIGHT OF THE VALLEY OF AJALON.

WITHIN SIGHT OF THE VALLEY OF AJALON. The land was still beautiful. A little way to the south was the broad valley of Ajalon, where Pharaoh conquered Gezer and gave it for a present to his daughter. Solomon's wife. "Sun, stand thou still on Gibeon, and thou, Moon, in the Valley of Ajalon. And the sun stood still, and the moon stayed, and there was no day like that before it or after it." So it is written of the Valley of Ajalon: and now the sound of a locomotive whistle floats o'er the plain and echoes in the hills of Judea.

Valley of Alslon; and now the sound of a locomotive whistle floats o'er the plain and echoes
is the hills of Judea.

"! sin!" said the doctor, presently, pulling
nis head in from the open window. "Mine's
burning beautifully."

Leaving the plain we enter a cañon about 600
feet above the sea, up which we toil at a snail's
pace. The country grows more desolate, the
hills are barren wastes of gray rock, with not
enough veretation to pasture a tarantula. When
we had arrived at Beir Aban, thirty-one miles
out, time two hours and afteen minutes, and
the station master from Jaffa had embraced and
kissed the station master at Heir Aban, first
on the right cheek and then on the left,
the cloud of smoke that arose from two hot
boxes hid the locomotive entirely. For a half
hour the train crew carried water from the
tank and flesded the hot boxes. The same was

repeated at Bittir, even to the kissing and embracing, and we were off on the homestretch
for Jerusalem, which is 2,000 feet above the
Mediterranean. The cañon grows narrower as
we ascend, and still there is no earth in slightnothing but rock, rock, everywhere. Sometimes
we can see on the sides of the terraced bills a
few rows of olive trees, which like the scrub
cedars in the mountains of America, seem to
spring from the very stones.

The conductor, the starchy, careless, polite
conductor, came through the car for the last
time, and every one was glad we were nearing
the Holy City. The trainmen are all French,
and, like most French people one is compelled to
rub up against in the churches, theatres, and
alops of the republic, especially in Paris, they
appear never to use water, except the little they
put in their claret. There are more fountains
than bath tubs in Paris. French people in the
lower walks of life remind one of the Mohammedan making a pilgrimage to Mecca, who obstinately refuses to bathe until he gets there—only
these people seem never to get there! There's
the sea at Jaffa, but these fellows never think
c using it any more than the natives do.

The conductor is in keeping, however, with
other things pertaining to the road. I have
never seen such inexcusable filthiness in any
country. Even the Arabs notice it.

The distance from Jaffa to Jerusalem, according to Howard's "Guide to Palestine," is
thirty-two miles as the ravine makes it, and
thirty-six by wagon road. No guide book has
been perpetrated since the opening of the railway, but none is necessary, as the time is about
the same. In fact "White Shelk," Howard's
Arabian steed, beats the train as often as he is
ridden down from Jerusalem.

The distance by rail is eighty-seven kilometres
(about fifty-four miles), according to the time
card, and the same makes the running time
four hours and ten minutes, but we have lost
an hour to-day.

The fare, first class, is \$3; second class, \$2,
and third class, \$1.25. The road has never
earned

the best mountain locomotives made, and that is about the only thing they have to speak of.

I think there must be something in the Brotherhood of Station Masters prohibiting the sweeping of floors in stations, as they are all covered with sand, dirt, and scraps of paper and things.

covered with sand, dirt, and scraps of paper and things.

AN EARLIER EXPERIENCE ECLIPBED.

I travelled over a little lumber road in Texas once, whose initials were T. and S., and the trainmen called it the "Trouble and Sorrow," and sometimes "Timber and Sand." I rode on the locomotive, for it was the first wood-burner I had over seen. The train was carded at twelve miles an hour, and we were losing time, but it was the only time I was ever frightened on an engine. The road was rough, and the engine rolled so that the hazel-splitter hogs would acamper out of the ditches beside the track. In places the track was so sunken that the ties hung to the underside of the rail, and when the engine struck a place like that, and drove the ties down, the mud and water would shoot out over the face of the earth and fresco everything inside the right of way. The passengers, if they had not been too frightened, could have picked flowers from the windows of the rolling coaches—almost. Till now the T. and S. has been to me the rockiest road on earth—but it's all changed.

Now the whistle sounds, deep and long, the train has reached the top of the cañon—the end of the guich—and here before us, nestled in the very top of a group of little hils, is Jerusalem. The sun is just going down in the hills through which we came, and away to the east, beyond the Dead Sea, the hills of Moab are taking on the wonderful tints they wear at sunset. They are unlike any other mountains, in that the creat line is as straight as the line of the horizon on a plain.

How strange it all seems. There is nothing but rocks and scrubby olive trees and deadlooking grapevines, and not many of them. The people are strange, too. On the way to the hotel we pass all kinds of people of the Orient. Bedouins on high horses, with their knees cocked up; plainsmen on thin-legged Arabian atseds; all manner of men on donkeys and on foot, begging, and even lepers and poor Jews; Jews with corkscrew curls hanging down in front of their ears, and lile pligrims who do nothin AN EARLIER EXPERIENCE ECLIPSED.

like an heiress at a summer resort, but they do not expect dukes or counts! CY WARMAN.

DAUDET ON HIS NOVELS.

Purity in Literature-Write so that Young Girls Can Read-Dickens-The Germans,

Alphonse Daudet, the great novelist, is about to go to Loudon to hunt up characters for a new novel. A Gaulois reporter called upon him the other day and asked him if the report of his intended visit to the English capital was true.
"Yes, that is true," said M. Daudet. "I have

at last decided to go, and I shall go in the very near future. It is not a voyage of pleasure that I am undertaking; it is what I might call a study in connection with a book which I am writing at the present time, the "Soutien de Famille," and the scene of which is in London. I wish to remain for a short time among the per ple from whom I am about to take a few of my characters. They tell me that London is one of the most extraordinary places in the world, and I want to see if that is really true."

Reporter-A visit to London will be quite pleasant for you, because our neighbors must appreciate you thoroughly, since they call you the French Dickens.

M. Daudet-Well, since you mention Dickens. I may as well say that I have the highest esteem for that celebrated English writer. That is a matter of course. But do you see any striking analogy between the author of "Pickwick" and "David Copperfield" and the author of "Fro-mont Jeune and Risler Alné," and of "Nabab, the Rois en Exil," "Sapho and Immortel?" I admit that our English friends may have been reminded of Dickens in reading "Petit Chose," and even in reading "Jack;" but, as I have already said, a conscientious writer has nothing to reply to that except that there are certain intellectual affinities for which he is not responsi-ble. Like Dickens, I have an infinite tenderness

for the unfortunate and the poor, and also for the little children that have to struggle against poverty and against the temptations of the great cities. Like him I had to combat adversity when I was young and to earn my bread before I was 10 years old; and here, perhaps, is our greatest resemblance.

"But is the favorable reception which my works have been receiving for some time now in England due to this similarity of mind which appears to exist in Dickens's works and mine? I don't think so, because my success there is only quite recent, two or three years at most. It was through the little routes that I made my entrée in England—my short stories. The reason is very simple. My novels are chaste; young girls can read them. It is consequently through the family that I have received the kind attention of the English public. In America, this implantation was produced in a far more rapid fashion; but, singularly enough, it was by the Germans that the thing was done. You know that the United States are peopled largely by Germans, and many Americans of the North are of the German race. Now Germany is perhaps the country where my books have been received up to the present time with the greatest curlosity, and that from the very first. I have received from Berlin and from Leipsle some singularly deep criticisms of my works, in which details of a secondary nature were given in regard to my life—details which I believed absolutely unknown. All that is very nice, and very nice, too, is their attributing to 'very natural patriotism' the works which I vertoe in regard to the war, and in which I certainly gazy some hard anocks to our neighbors on the other side of "But I found this same sympathy in the greater number of the countries of the world, although I have not always found it in the south. Italy, for example, is often the Chier side of the Chier side of the countries of the world although I have not always found it in the south. Italy, for example, is often when years and all the courter of my same and that of my fa

A COLLEGE SKETCH.

AN UNPUBLISHED LPAY BY OLIVER WENDELL BOLMES.

Published in a New York Newspaper Called the" New World" in 1840, and Overlood in Making Up His Complete Works. Dick [solus, with a necespaper. Amobing pitcher on the table]—No murders, and no robberies: speeches,

Column on column, one eternal speech; Now, I had rather read your pirate stories, Of men minced up and shovelled overboard. Your slitting throats and knocking out of brains, And such well-spiced misdoings. [Enter Tom.]

Save you, Tom How goes your nothingship, and gentle Julia, How does she fare, the lady of thy love? fon-Her good old grandam's dead, uck-Why then the devil

Dick—Why then the devil

May sharpen up his claws to deal with her;
She was a potent vixen in her day.

Tow—Be pleased to tread less rudely on the sales
Of one that was a woman. You are wont
To speak unfitly of the fairest thing
That stepped on Eden's roses. Why should man
Scoff at the creatures he was made to love? Scoff at the creatures he was made to love? It is as if the fron-fibred oak ild tear the clasping tendrils.

ick-Save your nonsense To feed your starving poetry withal; I hate to see resuscitated thoughts Come sneaking back to life in ladies' albums Pray talk to me as if I were a man.

Look: Do I wear a petticoat or breeches?

Have I long locks? Is this a woman's foot? Is ought of silver in these brazen tones? Fill up your glass; here's to thy sanity. Ton-O, beast ! you drink as if you were a Titan. Just hot from Etna. What would Julia say, If she could dream of such abominations?

Dick-Would she might taste this punch. I much She'd soon forswear her ghostly milk and water. O, thou art good! Twould vivify a statue, Could statue but its marble lips unclose; I would I were upon an ocean of thee, A bowl my boat, a ladle for mine oar; Green islands in the ever-blooming South Should scatter flowers upon thee, and the free That roll and flash in earth's unfathomed boson Should keep thee steaming hot. That's poetry. on-Insensate wretch! Can nothing stir thy sou But tempests brewed from earthly elements

No light break through thy darkness, save a gleam The offspring of corruption? Is there naught Can cheat thee for a moment of thy grossness? ICE—He's talking big. I'll wake the imp within him I cannot blame thee, nay, I pity thee [A For such unseemly license of thy tongue; Touched in the brain, I feared it might be so; 'Twas wrong: It was most cruel in the girl

To play so false a game. Who would have thought it.

A coach, a parson, and a man in whiskers.

com—Oh devil: what: speak, let me hear it all, Not Julia! Parson! whiskers! tell me all, And I will love thee. ick—Who has spoke of Julia?

Are there no women in the world but Julia?
I was but thinking of an ancient spinster,
Miss Saily or Miss Celia Somebody.
That ran away from Time to play with Cupid.
Market of the work was the control of the control o 'on-Lend me your kerchief, II am much exhausted: What if I'd drawn that razor?

Dick—There'd have been
Another tombstone and a lie upon it.
I would have dressed you an oblivary, That should be really decent, and have written With mine own hands a fancy epitaph. on-Come, you are caustic; but you know my nature. I'll show thee something for thine age to dream of

A token of her beauty and her love; Look at that auburn ringlet, boy, and think On what a peerless brow it must have floated. Her own white fingers did unweave the ray From the soft coronal of light and beauty. ICK—Call you that auburn? It is hardly crimson There is a something of Aurora red, ething like to flaments of flame; And yet they are not cobwebs in their texture

Right thick and rosy. on-Ha! what is't you say? Take that to help you in your rhetoric, [Striking Diek Dick-Infant! I will not best thee. Here's a chair,

And here's a neckcloth; yes, and here's a towel, And I will truss thee like a callow goose.
[Tying him to the chair So, thou art fixed, thou paralytic tiger, co, thou art nized, thou paralytic tiger,
I'm sorry to have been so rough with thes.
How is it, do you call it auburn still?
Tom-Were every muscle beaten to a pulp,
And my bones powdered, I would call it auburn.

Dick-There's tragedy! It shall be auburn, then, Hark, there's a step with something leaden in it, As one that is not full of merriment;
I'll fling my cloak upon you. There, keep still. Tow-I'm d-div battered an' it please the tutor.

(Enter Tutor.)

[Coron-Mén, ye are troublous, there has been a noise
As of exceeding vehement discussion. If ye must talk of controverted things, Wait till your beards do give you gravity. [Exit.

DICK [solus]-Aye, If a viper coiled upon her doorstep If the broad river were a stream of fire, And I must cross it on a raft of limber; If Cerberus stood keeper of the toll, And I were penniless,'I'd see the girl. A vixen and a jilt, but still I love her, An arrant baggage, who would tear my letters To paper up her hair, but still I love her. Not that the rose is fairer on her cheek, Not that the light is brighter in her eye, Than half the scraph sisterhood can boast. Where lurks the influence that thus can steal, Like the sweet music of a prisoned lyre, Through all the marble barriers of the heart? So are we tempered, that we know not why We love or hate, we follow or we shun. Is it in outward seeming? Do we stoop
To meet the bending status? Do we press
The lips that glow unbreathing on the canvas?
Nay, are there not a thousand living shapes That are like shadows to the listless soul. Lifeless and pulseless? Yet we turn from them To one less fair, and think her born of heaven. Who sees the bow when Love lets loose the shaft? A plague upon the nice anatomy That cuts up feeling into curves and angles. Her eye is blue, and so, too, is her bonnet; Her forehead white, so is a sheet of paper. Her hair is golden. I can buy enough Of just such hair to fill a bushel basket. Her volce is amooth, why so is milk and water; And this is what you get for analyzing. But take her in the whole, form, voice, and motion I love the compound. If she loves not me, Why she has lost a mighty pretty fellow. A six-foot man, with most effulgent whiskers, And two good hands to put in empty pockets. I wonder how my grandom stood the frest, How the old spider hangs upon her cobweb! They say her will is made, and when she tumbles Perhaps a pension to her gray-beard tomcat, Some small post mortem acts of picty To crutch her poor rheumatic soul upon, And I shall dust the dear old lady's guineas. Ha! when we rattle in our own good tandem, And crack the ivory-handled whip we paid for, There'll be a stir among the plumes and ribbons! Lightly he treads who steps on golden slippers: Sweetly he speaks whose purse has music in it. Pray die, dear grandam; we will have you buried All nice and decent, and we'll have a sermon To call you pretty names, and buy some kerchiefs To soak up bitter tears; and feed your tomeat As if he never scratched us, curse upon bim!

[Enter six Bores, ] Atl.—A pleasant evening:
Dick—Yes, a pleasant evening,
A devillah pleasant evening out of doors.
Frant Bork—What have you here to eat? I am not

hungry. But I might taste a ple; I am not thirsty, But I might drink to please these honest fellows; Or, as I mean to sit, I'll smoke a little. Dick-We're out of victuals, and we're out of wine; There's water in the pail. Smoke and be d-d! cost Bonz-Lend me a book; I mean to sit a little, And I am not in mood for conversation. Dick-Here's Worcester's, Walker's, Johnson's Dic

tionary; Open at Ass, a very fitting subject, aund Bore-I saw your very worthy grandmother A short time since; she seemed extremely hearty O, what a blessing such a woman is! In all the circle of domestic love There is no greater.

Dick-No, there is no greater-Just as you say, a most eternal bleasing. DURTH BORE-1'll take a nap, you'll wate me Or two at furthest; so I'll shut the door.
[Goes into the bedroom.
DICK—And I will lock it, Sleep till bed bugs wake you.
[Locks the door.

FIFTH BORE-Come, boy, let's have a game or two of checkers Before we try the chess; and then backgammon, Or else a little whist. Just run along And order up some claret and some oysters. ICK-My board is broken and my foot is lame NATH BORE—I think of making something of a call, And so I'll take my coat and waistcoat off. Wait a few hours, until the rest are gone,

FIVE BORES-O, there's a row. Good night! we'll call

[Excunt five Pores.]
PECK [solus]—Go, birssed boobles, and the devil singu you; Sleep, snoring lubber, and the night-fiend gnaw

Mon: Another step before the door is bolted! Another step before the door is boiled!

[Enter Tom.]
Ah, soft Lothario, with thy lady cheek
Didst thou exhale upon us from a dew drop?
Or wast thou warted on an evening zephyr?
Tom.—I hang myself to morrow; Julia's botted
Off in a tangent with that ugly Captaba.
I did not care for Julia; I was tired
Of all her tricks and fancies; but to think
Of such a rocket fied to such a stick
Would make one hang himself for human foll

Would make one hang himself for human folly. So once again, for universal woman!
Does the new coat fit close about the waist?
DOES—Ay, put a pismire's girdle on a porpoise,
It will fit closer than a sailor's jacket.

Now diet for a while on water gruel, And take a dose or two of bleaching salts, And run a razor round the barren corse, And when you're hanged for stealing, men will say He was a pale, thin pigmy, with a beard, on—Why, man, you're biting as a seedling radish. Did Clara pout? nay, do not look so rosy.

Her mother told me all about your love, And asked me of your prospects and your standing; I told her: but no matter what I told her. http://doi.org/10.100 What did'st thou say? Ton-I only now remember

Some general hints about your evil babits. Your sad propensity to gin and water. Your singular asperity of temper; I did not call you absolutely dirty, But only rather slovenly and careless; For rank, that you were like a serpent's rattle, That makes some noise, though very near the tall; That as to money, save the bills you owed, You had but little to remind you of it. I did not like it, but it was my duty; And I am honest, so I tell you all, Dick—Now, fellow, I will mash thee to a pumica,

Or beat thee to a tumor.

OR—Hold a moment.

It was all stuff: I never saw the woman. But since you seemed in such a frosty mood I fired a squib at your philosophy And laughed to see it catch; so keep your beating To make your children grow. Now come along And drown your anger in a good potation. CK-And so you curry people down with lies, And smooth it with a julep. But I'll go.

And leave that sleeping carrion in the bedroom Among his brother vermin. Peace be with him CAMBRIDGE, Mass., 1830.

ENCYCLICAL TO THE PEOPLE OF ENGLAND.

Significant Omissions in the Pope's Letter An Appeal for Christian Unity.

ROME, April 22.-It is with feelings of admira tion that thoughtful men will read the apostolic letter of Leo XIII. to the people of England. It is the daughter of that to the Peoples and Princes. To-morrow it will have a sister; that will be, as is already known, the Encyclical to the Orientals, which will set the crown on the Constitution granted after the conferences of the Vatican with the churches of the Orient. Leo XIII. is clearly beginning a new cycle of immortal documents. The first covers religious and political doctrines; it is like an echo of Innocent III.; the second extends over social questions, it is the continuation of the work of Alexander III., of Paul IV., and of Sixtus V. Here now is the third, which began last summer with the apostolic letter, Praclara, a cycle at once intellectual and evangelical, doctrinal and practical, which will cast a halo over the wonderful pontificate of Leo XIII. In this entering wedge of pontifical initiative, Leo XIII, has no fore runner. Even the crusades have not this sublime inspiration nor such universal extension; they are the blossoming of the spirit of Christendom; they are not the repetition in deep and re-sounding tones of the Ut sit unum. By this Leo XIII. stands out in the history of the Popes; he sends forth a light that no rival glory will dim. It would be instructive to seek out the origin

sends forth a light that no rival glory will dim.

It would be instructive to seek out the origin and the development of this great-souled hope. Did the first idea of reuniting the two churches of the West and of the East give birth to this design of the Holy Father? Was it the ascendancy which the Papacy has again taken on men's minds? What is certain is that in June, 1893, on the eve of the consistory, Leo XIII. for the first time expressed this unexpected resolution. He said then to Cardinal Thomas, from whose lips we obtained this confidential information, that before the end of his reign, he would address to the world, to peoples and princes his last wishes, his testament. He was then planning in his mind the letter Pruclara.

But did this Charter of Union have at the very beginning such royal amplitude, such astounding precision and, if we may say so, such infinite ecclesiastical ambition? Did Leo XIII., while revolving his plan in his mind, give up the original idea of summing up before the public the inspirations of the Pontificate, to open a new field of action? And what a field! It would be reash to hazard a judgment. It is probable that the eye of Leo XIII. looked further out, as his labors and his deep thoughts progressed, that his plans gained in extension as he came nearer to realizing them, and that thus the centre of light and warmth took on the intensity which we know to-day.

The letter to the people of England is evidence of a new policy, one drawn at long sight, if I may use such a term in speaking of purely

The letter to the people of England is evidence of a new policy, one drawn at long sight, if I may use such a term in speaking of purely divine aspirations. It is the "Sermon on the Mount" of the present reign. Everything in it has the character of a corner-stone, of an edifice; its kindly inspiration, its profoundly "eirenic" tone, as theologians would say, the giving up of all the old disputes, the sole desire to enlighten, to unite, to attract, to win over holity. Now the has the character of a corner-stone, of an edifice; its kindly inspiration, its profoundly "eironic" tone, as theologians would say, the giving up of all the old disputes, the sole desire to enlighten, to unite, to attract, to win over holdly. Now the true glory in all kinds of greatness is to have laid the first stone. Other workmen will come, they will be struck with the beauty of the monument, they will continue it, and complete it.

To analyze this document would be almost to profane it. It impresses by its evangelic solemnity. It is like the flowering of the divine seeds planted by Christ and the aposties. It has the candor of things from above, the mark made by the simplicity of genius, the deep tones of sympathetic feeling. It is inspired and penetrated by I know not what ake from the upper regions. No one can help feeling the greatness and the importance of such an act. Men most averse to religious questions will withhold their criticism from an undertaking at once so human and so divine. The English, that people so strong and so proud, will be touched by the precious words that Leo XIII. hus snoken of it. Do they not sound like an echo of the great inspired voice of Bossuet? With delicate tact, in the most flattering tone, Leo XIII, holds out the olive branch to that ancient Church, in which strong convictions and great virtues have been prese ved. It must feel grateful to the Pontiff of Rome, that he introduces no principle of dissension into his invitation, guileless, perhaps, to the thoughtless, but really sublime and infinitely touching to the man of reflection. It will admire in it, as much what is not contained in it as what is found there. Zealous bodies more interested in negative results than in definite and practical ends, had requested indeed at Itome that Angilean orders should be condemned or office. That would have put an end to the movement.

Now, not only does Leo XIII, not condemn, he blesses. That undoubtedly buries that point of dispate. In the same way, persons authorized and consul

and society. This letter is therefore a real triumph for those who follow confidently the present reign.

Why, it may perhaps be asked, does Leo XIII. touch so lightly on the reason for his appeal? He does not even seek to convince; he is silent on fundamental questions. It seems to us that the answer is an easy one. When negotiations so hold are begun, we must restrict ourselves to the attractive side, leave to time the care of doing its work, allow men's minds to gain confidence, that confidence so slow in coming, which leads them through the most complicated labyrinths. The point on which Leo XIII. lays stress is the need of concentration against unbelief and the disaster which that causes. What believer in Christ must not bow to the force of this argument? Our disasters and our blunders, our sorrows, and our troubles do they not show that without faith society is a driverless chariot rushing to destruction? For two centuries we have lived in the intoxication born of new hopes. We have squandered the inheritance of centuries of faith and in spite of secondary gains have founded nothing lasting. The period of the seven lean kine seems to have come to our ancient Europe. Are we to quarrel over our internal dissensions like mandarins of dead religions, as did the Byzantines, who opened the gates of our continent to the research of Mohammed? Domestic struggles, discussions, even important ones, the arrangement of details, all that will come of itself when we have sought the kingdom of God and His justice.

we have sought the English people is an appeal justice.

The appeal to the English people is an appeal to the largest part of Christianity. It touches Great Britain, Ireland, Scotland, the United States, Canada, Australia, the East. In this yast world, hopes in their turn will arise, the offspring of the Pope's desires. To-day Loo XIII, lights the lamp of hope; the practical labor will be for the morrow. INNOMINATO.

SENT TO AFRICA BY A BIRD.

A CRANE FROM BUSSIA CARRIES A MESSAGE FAR UP THE NILE. The Natives of Bongola Could Not Read Statta Rev Translates It and Hrings

the Story Home-Remarkable Message Bearer that Crossed the Indian Ocean. Slatin Bey, the former Governor of one of the Egyptian provinces in the Soudan, who escaped from his long imprisonment at Omdurman few months ago and has recently arrived in Egypt, brought home a remarkable story of the killing of a crane on the upper Nile which bore around its neck a written message that had come all the way from Europe. One day in December, 1802, Slatin was summoned to the palace of the Khalifa Abdulla, successor to the The Khalifa handed to him a small metal capsule. He said it contained some papers. and the Khalifa commanded Slatin to open the capsule and interpret the writing if he could,



THE ALBATROSS. The white prisoner unscrewed the cap and took out two small slips of paper, each about the size of a visiting card. The short message on these papers was written in German, French, and English. It said that the capsule had been fastened to the neck of a crane that had been bred on the estate of Herr Falz-Fein at Tska nea Nova, in the province of Taurida, south Russia. The crane had been released in Russia in June or July, 1892. The exact date of the release was given, but as Slatin was not per mitted to copy or retain the writing, and de pends upon his memory, he cannot more defi-nitely fix the date. The message requested the future captor of the crane to send particulars of the date and place to Herr Falz-Fein.

This bird was the common European crane, Grus cincrea, standing about four feet high, ashen-gray in color, with face and neck nearly black. It is well known that it breeds it marshes in Europe and Asia and migrates far south to warmer climes upon the approach of winter. This particular bird, doubtless with many of his fellows, crossed over to Africa, and flew south about 1,500 miles up the Nile, where he was killed in the Mahdist province of Don gola. This was in November, 1892, about five months after the bird had been released. Re-leased while the weather was still warm, it is probable that it did not immediately start from Europe on its long journey, and it is not likely



THE EUROPEAN CRANE.

THE EUROPEAN CRANE.

that it would travel much further south. It had probably reached the southern limit of its journey when it fell victim to a Mahdist hunter, who, of course, was greatly surprised when he saw the metal tube depending from the bird's neck. He took the prize to the Emir of Dongola. As that official's territory is on the northern border of the Mahdist domain, where he has had many a brush with the Egyptian troops just north of him, he is constantly on the qui vive for any news that may come from the north. But not a man in his province could read this mysterious message, and so the Emir, knowing that the Khalifa held a number European prisoners at Omdurman who could, doubtless, interpret the writing, despatched a messenger in hot haste over the great southern desert to deliver the capsule to the Khalifa, 800

doubtless, interpret the writing, despatched a messenger in hot haste over the great southern desert to deliver the capsule to the Khaiifa, 800 miles away. The journey was made by camels, and the Mahdist capital was reached about a month later. On April 2 last Slatin wrote to Herr Falz-Fein, informing him of the recovery of his message and of the unusual events that had made a bird the bearer of a communication from Europe to Central Africa.

Probably no more remarkable story of this sort has ever been recorded, if we except the unparalleled incident of 1887, when a brief message, tied around the neck of an albatross, was borne for thousands of miles, across the watery wastes of the Indian Ocean and the southern Pacific; and, upon its providential delivery, war ships of two nations were at once put in motion on a work of humanity. The story, taken from the dry official records of the day, is worthy of perpetuation as the most wonderful instance where the unconscious efforts of a bird have played a most important part in a tale of human misery.



11 SLATIN BEY.

Late in 1887 the British Ambassador in Paris informed the French Government that a message had been received from the Governor of West Australia announcing that on Sept. 22 a dead albatross had been found on the beach at Freemantle. Around the bird's neck was fastened a small piece of zinc on which had been scratched in French.

Thitrees shipwrecked men took refuse upon the Thirteen shipwrecked men took refuge upon the Crozet Islands. Arc. 4, 1887.

There shipwrecked men took refuge upon the Crozet Islands are four or five little specks of land rising in the Indian Ocean far south of the usual track of vessels. No wonder the story excited incredulity. As a rule, only an ocean slonal whaler goes as far south as the Crozets. It was, indeed, a wonderful series of fortunate events if castaways on those far-off islands had found a winged messenger which, unconsciously exerting in their behalf his far-famed powers of endurance on the winz, had carried their tidings over thousands of miles of sea with few opportunities to rest on the way, and had finally dropped dead, probably of exhaustion, on the shores of a civilized hund.

However, the tidings were official, and the French Government could not doubt that this abstross, with its important message, had been found at Freemante, which is one of the ingrest towns in southwestern Anstralia. Was the message genuine, or was it the work of a practical poker? Was any French vessel missing? The day that the communication from the British Ambassador was received it was distributed among the Paris newspapers. The next morning it was spread broadcast over France, and before another day elapsed came a letter from Bordeaux which gave additional interest and probability to the story. The shipping house of Bordes & Son wrote that they had reason to fear that the thirteen sailors on the Crozets were the crew of their three-master Tamaris, which had sailed many months before for New as Caledonia in the Pacific; she was some time overdue. Her owners had expected her to take a course not far from the Crozet Islands, and her recew numbered thirteen persons.

The firm of the indian Ocean to despatch the including the course of the from the course of the navial division of the lands of the lands of the occurrence. They tried to large his course of the second wife of the parish the case of the course of the case of the course of the cours

transport Meurthe as soon as possible to the Crozets to search for the castaways. The British Government also decided to take part in the search, and her Majesty's ship Thalis, which was about to leave England for Australia, was ordered to go out of her course to call at the Crozet Islands.

It was not until the early spring of 1888 that it was possible to give the sequel of this romance of the sea. The Frepch transport Meurthe, after returning from her search, steamed into the harbor of Diego Suarez, Madagascar, and here her Captain wrote his report. He said that he first touched at the little Island of Cochous, one of the four Crozets. He found no persons there, but there was ample evidence that the Island had recently been occupied. There were the remains of camp fires, biscult boxes, and other debris, all quite fresh in appearance; and under some stones that had been piled in a heap to attract attention was a piece of paper, on which had been written in French with a lead pencil:

The iron ship Tamarts of Bordeaux, with thirteen men in the crew went ashore on the island of Cochous during a heavy for. Some time after she got clear and noared off, but three hours later she filled and sand, The craw secaped it two small boats to the Island, taking with them 100 kilogrammes of biscuit. The crew have lyved on Cochous Island inhe months, and, hely food being exhausted, they are about to set out for Possession Island, elicity miles away, across a stretch of sea

SEPT. 30, 1837.

The transport at once went to Possession Island, eighty miles away, across a stretch of sea that is always rough and choppy. Not a trace was found of the shipwrecked men. At East Island, another island of the group, some American whalers who had been there for some weeks said they had neither seen nor heard anything of the castaways. All the other islands in those waters were visited without result. For some months hope was entertained that the men had been picked up by some passing whaler, but at last there could be no doubt that they were lost in the attempt to make the perilous passage to Possession Island.

Of course the 230 pounds of biscuit with which

lost in the attempt to make the perilous passage to Possession Island.

Of course the 230 pounds of biscuit with which they had reached the island of Cochous was only a small part of the provisions they required during their nine months on that desolate rock. As one other shipwrecked crew on the Crozets had done, they doubtless subsisted largely on penguin fiesh and eggs and fish. It is not probable that they would have starved if their courage had held out a little longer until relief came. But they knew that there was not one chance in many thousands that the man-o-war bird, to which they had intrusted their brief message, would carry it safely and quickly thousands of miles to the civilized world. They little dreamed that, eight days before they set out from the uninviting rock where they had lived so foriornly the bird had finished his wonderful flight and told the world of their unhappy situation. Few stories of the animal kingdom equal in pathetic interest that of this strong-winged bird, whose happy fulfiment of the mission intrusted to him set two nations at work to rescue men in sore distress.

THAT HATEFUL INCOME TAX. How Strephon Was Invited to Reduce His, but Falled; and How He Increased It.

"If your income is between \$3,500 and said Phyllis to Strephon-early in the month of April—" you don't have to pay any in-come tax, do you?"
"No," said Strephon. He knew a good deal

about the tax, and liked to instruct his wife and her sister. "Then what's the use of making any return?"

asked Mrs. Strephon.
"You're liable to a penalty of 50 per cent. additional," answered Strephon, promptly.
"Well," said his sister-in-law, "fifty per cent.

additional to nothing won't ruin you? What do you make a return for if you haven't \$4,000 ?" But Strephon had an income of \$4,000. It wasn't wholly his fault. The Supreme Court has handed down its decision that decided nothing, and there was just one week to make up his return. Every day Strephon discovered some new exemption; and if he'd only had about

have reduced his income inside the limit. But, not being either Julius Casar or Augustus, he couldn't put off the 15th of April to suit to the deputy collector of internal revenue. It showed that Strephon had a taxable income of about \$95.94, on which the tax was about \$1.92. To preserve his rights Strephon had drawn up a formidable protest, which he attached to the blank. Everything on the blank was protested, from his own name to the fact that he was an American citizen.

"You see," Strephon explained, "it's the prin-"You see," Strephon explained, "it's the principle that's at stake. I don't mind the \$1.92 as such; it's the principle that I object to. If the Government has no right to that \$1.92 I don't want the Government to have it. If the Government has a right to it, why —"
"You'll have to smuggle a dollar ninety-two cents' worth of things again the next time you go to Canada," said his sister-in-law.
"What's the use of raking up old stories," thought Strephon; but he didn't say so.
But on April 25, being a Thursday, came an official letter to Strephon. Part of it was printed and part wasn't; but this is the way it read:

INTERNAL REVENCE SERVICE.

and part wasn't; but this is the way it read:

INTERNAL REVENCE SERVICE,
PHIST DISTRICT OF NEW YORK,
PHIST DISTRICT OF NEW YORK,
POST OFFICE BUILDING, BROOKLYN, N. Y.,
DEAR SIR: YOUR income tax return on file in this
office requires correction in the following particulars
before same is forwarded to Commissioner of Internal
Revenue at Wasnington: You are entitled to deduct
all faces paid in the year 18th. If you have paid any
such you may deduct the same at this affice on or before
the 2th inst.
(Should you fall to appear and explain or correct
your return on or before——the amount stat-d
above will be stricken therefrom and the taxable
amount increased accordingly.) Yours respectfully,
BRING THIS LETTER WITH YOU.

"There," said Strephon, triumphantly." That's

your return on or before—the amount stated above will be stricken therefrom and the taxable amount increased accordingly.) Yours respectfully.

BRING THIS LETTER WITH YOU.

"There:"said Strephon, triumphantly. "That's what I call fair play. "That shows I'm an honest man—I've wronged myself and not the Government."

"What a nice signature Mr. McKinley has," said Mrs. Strephon (Phyllis that was). "Isn't it funny that the man who gave his name to the McKinley bill should be a collector in Brooklyn? I suppose it's the ups and downs of political life. I thought his name was William; but I suppose I got the bill mixed py with the man."

Strephon and his sister-in-law merely looked at one another. The signature was made with a rubber stamp.

"I knew if I'd had more time I could have done better." he said finally. "What have I left off. I wonder, that I can put in?"

"The water tax," said Phyllis promptly, and she got the water bill from her neat desk. It was for \$1.2.

"I'l deduct that," said Strephen, "I shall save 44 cents; it will cost me 15 cents to go to and return from Brooklyn, a clear saving of 29 cents. I'l go. Hesides, when he's been so polite to me. I think it wouldn't be civil not to go."

So he went. It cost only 5 cents, because he walked from the bridge to the Post Office building; and he figured that he would save 30 cents; and anybody would be glad to save 30 cents, especially at Government expense.

At the Post Office building a polite boot black sent Strephon up stairs; a courteous clerk sent in into the Collector's office, where a paper sign told him to go to the right. But there was no right—a wall prevented it; and activit cashier helped him around a corner to the left, where "any one of those gentlemen" would attend to him. One of them did; looked at the lefter, and sent him into the "room to the left," and finally strephon hadn't forgotten him.

Then, with "44 cents, minus 5 cents, could sent him to the "room to the left," and so he departed. But it was in each of the private corporation. So it

GREAT LIGHTNING, THIS.

DESTRUCTION WROUGHT BY A NEW BRAND IN CONNECTICUT.

The Wreck a Single Soit Accomplished to a Farmhouse-The Building Shattered from the Roof to the Cellar at a Streke, MIDDLETOWN, Conn., May 4. - The kind of ightning that comes in linked thunderbolts, usually, blue, yellow, and white, and that first appeared in the Nutmeg State three or four years ago, is abroad in the land unusually early this eason. It is quite as lively, sportive, eccentric,

and deadly as of yore.

This particular brand of electric fluid is altogether different, not only from ordinary, old-cashloned lightning which traversed the welkin in a broad, direct path-"sheet lightning," so called by the country people—but also from chain or forked lightning, which ripped open the firmament in a smoking rift with long, dazzling, zigzag, crinkling javelins that were quicker than thought and as wicked as death. The new style of Connecticut lightning is

at times quicker or slower than the old. Sometimes it is a long, slender, death-dealing shaft hurled straight down from the zenith, like the singular thunderboit that worked capacious eyelet holes in the towering Broadway steeple at Norwich and shattered it one day last summer; oftener it comes in a giddy, bobbing, drifting string of blue or yellow bolts that crackle all about the streets, dodging in and out of windows, chasing one another about city buildings, snapping like firecrackers, and finally popping off with strange pyrotechnic colors, like the new-fangled odern fancy fireworks. Some people think that these little thunder-

bolt showers are caused by the webs of over-head wires with which the streets of modern

American towns are so liberally beset; they fancy that a real, old-fashioned, roaring, snorting thunderbolt can't get through the steel web, and hence is shivered into a myriad tiny, popgun bolts, which are as pitiful as they are comical, shorn of their deadly energy. It is too bad, such people affirm-old fogies they are, perhaps, with strong liking for old-fashioned styles, even in lightning-that man should so turn the ancient and honorable business of thunder and lightning into ridicule: and they add that it is necessary, in order to see a first-class, old-time, thunder storm nowadays, for a city man to go out into the country, and take it there straight. But, however docile and impotent the trivial shower-ball lightning may be, it is a fact not to be gainsaid that the equally new straight-up-and-down. fantastic, capricious, siashing thunderboil of the sort that uses church steeples and shot towers for needlework patterns is about the weirdest and wickedest electric exhibit ever met with in the Land of Steady Habits. It is said to be almost peculiar to this commonwealth, moreover, and to be manufactured in no other State of the Union, with the possible exception of Jersey, the next most versatile and fruitful State in respect to lightning.

It is early for the sort of lightning noted, the slambang, corkscrew, ripping, tearing, splinter land. and honorable business of thunder and lightning

in no other State of the Union, with the possible exception of Jersey, the next most versatile and fruitful State in respect to lightning.

It is early for the sort of lightning noted, the slambang, corkscrew, ripping, tearing, splintering, house-hunting thunderbolt. Still it is a-field, that is certain, and has dissected the best part of one country dwelling, among the hills over east, already. That was the house of John Sterling, in the pleasant riverside hamlet of Hamburg in fertile Old Lyme township, in the Connecticut Valley. It had been a sultry day in the valley, with an oppressive blue haze manifing the long hills about the village all the afternoon; and John, who is a thrifty, prosperous farmer, fatigued by a hard day's work and the heavy atmosphere, went to bed early. He and his wife and baby occupied a bedroom on the lower floor. All fell asleep immediately, and slept soundly until about midnight; then John was awakened by an elemental din and uproar, in the midst of which his dwelling was jostled and rocked as if a Titan had clutched it by its roof tree or was about to tear it from its foundation and lug it away on his shoulder. A tempest roared about it; showers of rain drops ratified on its oaken timbers like grape shot, and, momentarily, blue blazes cleft the murky sky and painted the chamber walls with a weird, unearthly, sickly, phosphorescent hue. Finally the dreadful bolt fell, the tawny, yellowish, straight-up-and-down, bright, particular, personal projectile for the especial purpose of stirring up John Sterling and smashing the spine of his ancient habitation. It came right down from midheaven, without a doubt, ground up the squat the moon must have collided with him and Hamburg; then, collecting his wits, he leaped out of bed, his terrified wife following him, and the couple groped about on the floor, spinnered it with a hundred gaping crevices, pounded and pulverized its walls and roof into sawdust and splinters, jerked its great chimney out by its roots, mashed every pane of glass, wench

domestic belongings, and with his wife trudged off to his mother's, not far distant, where they are all still lodged, since his dwelling is no longer habitable. The light of day revealed at the site of Sterling's home about the strangest and completest wreck of a house ever wrought by a single thunderbolt on the American continent. The whole building was riddled and rent from cellar to ridgepole, twisted, distorted, pitched forward, and tilted up, so that it resembled rather a crushed wire rat trap than the strong, tidy, and complete home of a few hours before. Clambering about the broken shell with great difficulty and manifest peril to himself, the farmer easily traced the path of the boil. It had hit the chimney first, that was obvious; then followed that massive column down one story, burst into half a score of murderous fragments like a bombshell, and just ripped the whole house into flinders in a jiffy. Sterling's bed chamber was the only apartment not destroyed. About every door in the dwelling was wrenched off its hinges, and one door was hurled across a room and pitched down a flight of stairs into the cellar. The bolt picked up a heavy bureau, shied it across the sitting room, and stood it on end in a corner, a wreck of ragged splinters; every drawer had been pulled out and ground into kinding wood by the eccentric and mischevous fluid. In the attic all the rafters had been ripped off the house roof so that it gaped wide open toward the blue sky. Sterling and family will remain in his mother's house until he is able to rebuild his shattered home. Both he and his wife were shocked by the marvellous bolt, but not at all injured.

A day or two ago a somewhat similar bolk killed William Miles, 65 years old, a day laborer, at Hampden Plains, near Westfield. Two horses, used by him, were also killed, and his companion, a negro, Anthony Harvey, was hit, but not badly hurt. The men were driving along the public thoroughfare, near the home of E. K. Van Deusen, their employer, when the electric shaft struck the

A TINY SAN FRANCISCO BABY. Sun When Six Weeks Old. San Francisco has a miniature baby that is a

more remarkable specimen of minute humanity than even the diminutive Cranford, N. J., baby that created interest hereabout last March. The Cranford baby weighed two and a quarter pounds when born, and when two weeks old was thirteen inches long and weighed three and a half pounds. The San Francisco baby was six weeks old on April 24 and was then only twelve inches long and weighed only four pounds. When born it weighed only one and long. The Jersey baby, too, came into the world prenaturely, and died when about three weeks old, while the California child at last accounts was healthy and likely to keep so.

It is a boy baby, the child of Mrs. May E.

It is a boy baby, the child of Mrs. May E. Bonnell, and is her second child. Its brother is a sturdy little fellow 6 years old, of average size. Mrs. Bonnell is 24 years old, and a medium sized woman. Small babies are said to run in her family. Her mother weighed only one pound at her birth, and a clear bex was her criband cradle.

White Ernest Eugene, as the baby has been amned, has grown at what in his case may be called a normal rate, and is continuing so to do, he is so ridiculously small that his mother is afraid when carrying him out for an arrive, that she may lose him out of his clothes. The clothes prepared for him against his arrival are more than twice too big for him. His higgers are all less than hair an inch long, and his dinger nails can scarce be seen without a magnifying glass, while his doubled up hat will easily at inside a thimble. His feet are just one inch long. Only his lungs seem disproportionals to the rest of his measurements. He is in every respect perfectly formed, in proper proportions has deep blue eyes and yellow hair, and a good idea of his general proportions may be included from the fact that he just fits in the factors. It has his picture printed life size in a newspaper. How

is picture printed life size in a newspaper. The Examiner had his picture taken when six were sold, and reproduced it according to exact measurements. It was a shade over the width of a column and a trifle over half a column in least to. The baby is, or was a week ago, just about as big as half a column of The Sum.